

NEW IMPROVED WORONI

Friday, 13 June 1975
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WEATHER: MOSTLY FINE AND MILD WITH N.W.-S.E. WINDS OF 0-65 kph

MR ANU EXPOSED

RIGMOR HELENE BERG

Society is a self-perpetuating system, and role expectations constitute a self-fulfilling prophesy. People internalise the role expectations of their parents, their peers and the media, and imitate the role models these agents provide so efficiently that they perceive the roles that they learn to play as integral irrevocable parts of themselves. When people grow up with very limited expectations held of them, their own expectations and aspirations are limited and they assume that their rôle limitations are commensurate with their innate limitations.

Suppose that men were expected to present themselves as a slickly packaged commodity crying out to be lifted from the shelf: expected to shave their armpits and legs, pluck their eyebrows and paint their faces, curl and glue up their hair, to wear false eyelashes, a corset and high-heeled shoes, to smell like apple blossom from the mouth, the armpits and the crotch, to slink and pout, giggle and gaze; expected to be sympathetic, sentimental, nurturant and adoring, but socially, politically and economically naïve, ignorant and incompetent; expected to restrict their interests to parenthood, domestic and fine arts, and to work in a low-status, poorly paid job only until they marry; and then to assume domestic duties full time, to subordinate their activities to and submerge their identity in those of their spouses, to be subservient and visibly inferior. To hold such expectations of men would be ridiculous, unfair and insulting. It is equally ridiculous, equally unfair and equally insulting to apply them to women.

As people appear to be better able to recognise the grotesque unnatural nature of roles when they are played by men, the "Mr ANU, Charity Quest" presents men playing for, for public scrutiny, the hideous female stereotype projected so effectively by the media, with the traditional "Miss World" chastity. The Quest is social and cultural satire, it is theatre. The message is not 'what's good enough for women is good enough for men.' The message is that role expectations that men would find unacceptable, are also unacceptable to women.

When women have looked beyond the limited range of the roles offered to them by society, seen their real, much wider potential, and discovered the discrepancy between the two, society will feel the full force of our resentment and our wrath.

Girl, Four, Rapes Dad Kills Mum



Amanda Tomlinson, of Northbourne Avenue was last seen riding a Norton 750CC along the Tuggeranong Expressway and was wearing faded blue jeans. Police describe her as 2ft 6" tall, extremely dangerous and may be armed.

Over \$2 prizes —

SPECIAL WORONI CONTEST

YOU CAN WIN A DAZZLING FULL TECHNICOLOUR GLOSSY POSTIE, (86cm x 61cm) OF CHEECH & CHONG

All you have to do is tell us in 50 words or less, or more, which is the most reactionary article in this week's issue . . .

AND WHY

- * Neatest most correct entry
- * No concupiscence will be entered into
- * Judge's verdict will be terminal
- * Send to 'Shoot your neighbour' Comp c/- Woroni, A.N.U.S.A., P.O. Box 4, Canberra, A.C.T.



SHOCK

constitution surprise !

On Thursday, 5 June at 1pm in the Meetings Room, the ANU Pro-Life Group adopted the following constitutionletter page 2.

sat big-end om

Timor: Death Or Liberation



INDEPENDENCE OR DEATH!

This is the challenge of Timorese FRETILIN (Revolutionary Front for an Independent East Timor) leader Jose Ramos Horta hurled before all Australians at 1.15 last Tuesday in the Haydon-Allen Tank.

"We shall never be stopped in our struggle for liberation from colonialism" he added.

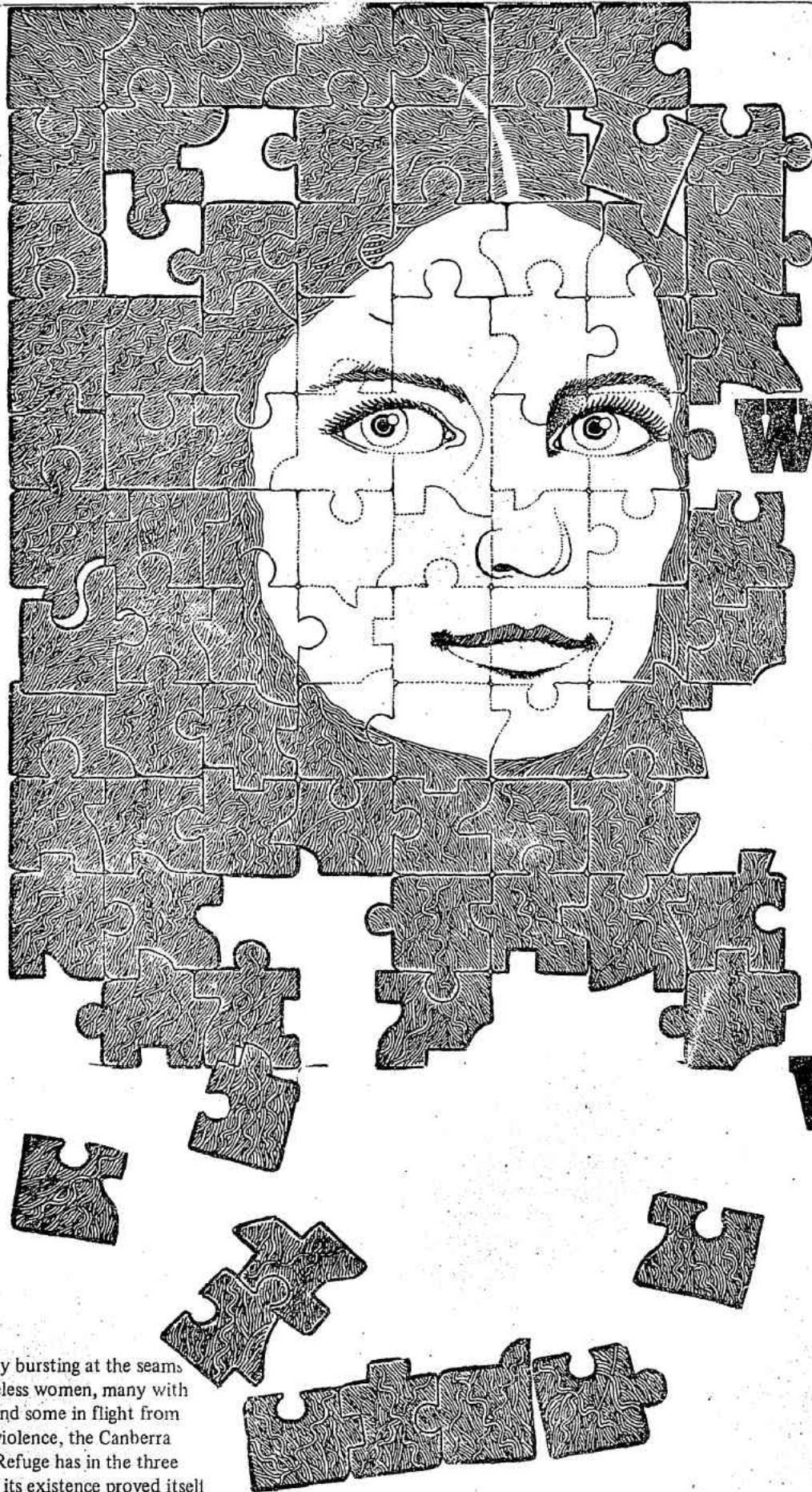
MAUBERISM

The people of Timor, whom Jose described as "the same as FRETILIN" wish to be free to develop this, their own home-grown philosophy named after themselves, the Maubere: illiterate ill-fed and alienated through 500 years of Portuguese colonialist miseducation. (Turn to pp.7/8)

Bag times don-tag bines mod.
"Sam gited nob",
gad bimen sot.
Mab diget son!
Bat mines god;
gas timed bon.
Man bites dog.
Nag sited mob.
Gam dibet san?

—W.N.S.

turn to back page



now:

**women's
refuge**

**watson
act**

Continually bursting at the seams with homeless women, many with children, and some in flight from domestic violence, the Canberra Women's Refuge has in the three months of its existence proved itself far too small for Canberra's needs. Yet there is an atmosphere of collective strength, of cheerfulness in adversity which greets every roster woman as she arrives to work with the people in the refuge in sorting out some of the problems.

The convening Refuge Committee set up by Women's Liberation, Women's Electoral Lobby, the Single Mothers' Association and other interested women worked for nine months before their house was officially opened on International Women's Day this year.

Armed with experience from other cities, statements from welfare organisations on the need for a refuge and the argument that such a place should be run by women, the

committee submitted its plans to many funding organisations and after several negotiating months the Department of the Capital Territory granted them tenancy (with no rent) of a three bedroom government house. Donations of furniture, crockery, pots, carpets, linen, blankets, curtains and toys have been brought to the refuge by women in the movement and supporters. The larger items were moved in by SWOW students and some groceries collected by a community service organisation.

There has been overcrowding for two months now, with an average of 16 people (8 women and 8 children) every night.

This week there are 20 people in the refuge. With bunks in the bedrooms twelve can sleep in beds — the others sleep on lounges, on the floor of the lounge, the dining area, the passage ways. Some women are destitute, applying for Social Services, others have small social security incomes, a few have had jobs. No one would choose to come to the refuge if she had any other place to go.

Over 100 Canberra women (some of them ANU students) work as volunteers in the refuge on a three shift roster: day, evening and night. They are not traditional counsellors but information-givers, helping each woman consider alternatives and determine her own future.

roster woman attends a brief course run by the women's movement, with the emphasis on sensitivity training and creation of an empathetic guilt-free atmosphere. Visitors find difficulty distinguishing roster women from refuge women, and this is carried over to the running of the house, for every refuge woman is considered a member of the committee for the duration of her stay.

And of course they need money — for food (The Homeless Persons Act provides only 70c per day), for more bunks, blankets, a freezer; for gas, telephone and electricity; and for the future — the refuge needs a nursery dormitory for the children. It is the only place in Canberra which offers shelter for homeless women with or without children — the frightening thing is that there are so many of them.

4 Adams Place, Watson
41 2701

Low Cost Accommodation



Match Stopped: Track Treacherous

This Tuesday, June 10, saw the throwing out of yet another case brought against predominantly student activist groups under the Public Order Act. 33 defendants, members and supporters of the Canberra Committee for Low Cost Accommodation, were appearing charged with Section 11.1 of the Act which provides for a maximum penalty of \$100/3 months if the defendant is deemed guilty of being found on premises 'without reasonable excuse'.

Needless to say, the above phrase doubled as the legal euphemism for the occupation of 82 Mugga Way, Red Hill, by the defendants and a few others on the night of 23-24 April. The police, no doubt annoyed at recent actions of the Committee regarding Ray Saunders' 9 Torrrens St. Braddon, and probably the hour of the owner (Mrs Stotts) complaint, started arresting people very quickly in the wee hours of the morning. Some arrests were rumoured to be 'not quite nice', but what can you expect?

Anyway, the case was dismissed not because the magistrate felt that the defendants were necessarily innocent of the charge (quite the opposite), but because Mrs Stott was mysteriously unable to present written or spoken evidence to the court that she had indeed refused permission to the occupiers to be in the house. This constituted a convenient legal technicality of find a

the defendants. The motives of various legal and governmental instrumentalities in dismissing this case appear dubious to say the least.

Meanwhile, 'friend of the people' Ray Saunders was convicted under the Landlord and Tenant Ordinance and fined \$100.00 on May 27 for his incredibly blunt eviction of the Bloms from Torrrens Street on March 26. As Saunders remained on the Legislative Assembly and as the *Chairman of its Housing and Welfare Committee* the Committee thought that he could do with a reminder by a demonstration at the Assembly meeting on June 2. After Labor's Gordon Walsh had introduced a motion which only demanded his removed from the Housing Committee (*not* the Assembly), Saunders' Liberal colleagues called an adjournment and did a classic Tamany Hall deal with 'Independents' Harold Hird and Speaker Jim Pead (a real estate agent). Result: Saunders resigned as *Chairman* of the Committee but the motion to dump him *off the committee* was lost on a tied vote 8-8. When demonstrators in the Public Gallery voiced their lack of overwhelming enthusiasm that a rent criminal remained on the A.C.T.L.A.'s housing committee, the police kindly dragged seven outside in order that the processes of democracy inside may continue unhindered.

TONY ROBERTS

The University's Housing Policy has become the cause of great dissatisfaction amongst many of its members. It discriminates against junior academic staff, technical staff, female staff members and, of course, students. The University owns 489 houses and flats, which it rents at below 50% of fair rent in breach of the University Act and of which 65% are let to staff, 25% to married graduate students and 10% are empty. This year, for the first time 4 University houses are being let to undergraduates.

The President of the ANUSA in a letter to *The Canberra Times* (6 June 1975) also says: "Very few of the University's tenants pay more than 15% of their income in rent while students and other commonly pay up to 50% of their income in rent. Allocation of University houses and flats is often on the basis of an *inverse* means test. Junior academic staff and University technical staff are usually ineligible for assistance and also do not receive assistance under house purchase assistance schemes in which the University has more than \$1½ million invested. All female staff need Council approval to obtain accommodation.....The fees in University Colleges exceed the maximum payable to students under the Tertiary Education Assistance Scheme by up to \$15.00 per week.

Hundreds of students are in totally inadequate accommodation—in garden sheds, in homes where they cannot study, in accommodation at rates way beyond their means or in a room shared with several others. This situation must get worse because single students, regardless of how long they have lived in Canberra, are not eligible for government housing. The government has cut back on funds for student housing....."

While this situation exists, the University allows much of its accommodation to remain partly or wholly empty. In April this year 41 University dwellings were empty, and it is common for married couples without children to receive three-bedroomed units. The University's policy acts to give houses to those members who can best afford other accommodation, rather than those who cannot.

The ANUSA sees this situation as completely unsatisfactory, and has thus organized a forum of all its members to discuss what can be done about it. This will be held on Tuesday, 17 June, in the Hayden-Allen Tank, at 1.00pm. We urge all to attend.

UNIVERSITY HOUSING POLICY
FORUM - TUESDAY 17 JUNE
HAYDEN-ALLEN TANK 1pm



Earth, this is God!
I want all you people
to clear out before
the end of the month.
I have A CLIENT
who's interested
in the property.

THE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION
STILL HAS PLACES AVAILABLE
AT \$5.00 PER WEEK RENT (PLUS
\$3. GAS/ELECTRICITY) AT THE
COUNTRY PREMISES ADVERTISED
LAST WEEK
(apply Students' Association office -
49 2444)

POSTGRADUATE AND UNDER-
GRADUATE STUDENTS APPLY.
NOW FOR ONE AND TWO BED-
ROOM FLATS (STUDENTS'
ASSOCIATION OFFICE 49 2444 -
as advertised last week)

FLASH: SAUNDERS NOT A LIBERAL SHIT!

Friday, 13th June 1975 TAKE YOUR AVERAGE PAGE THREE AT BASICALLY BORING...

independence or

5 4 3 2 1



Timorese in traditional dress demonstrate in Dili on May 20, first anniversary of FRETILIN.

650,000 people in a community north of Arnhem Land seek to practice Mauberism. These people are known colloquially as the Maubere and because they find European, Chinese, American, etc. ideologies totally alien to their tropical paradise rife with starvation, they have developed their own philosophy. Mauberism. This philosophy is one of peaceful geopolitical co-existence: freedom from foreign colonialism. This last is NOT an emotive word. If the Portuguese for 500 years have used free and cheap local labour and suppressed uprisings by force of arms in their colony of East Timor, then the local population has 'undergone' colonialism. Mauberism is the philosophy of being a free enlightened and disburdened East Timorese person.

To tell us about these and other Gulliverian wonders, was one José Ramos Horta in the Tank, Tuesday afternoon. José is a beautiful guy: strong, gentle, tanned, he apologises for his impeccable English; and perhaps for the fact that his FRETILIN (Revolutionary Front for Independent East Timor) comrades and he were themselves compromising their values by staying in suburbia? José announces with relief that only two weeks ago the FRETILIN Top Thirty took to the hills to buckle down; to work with their farmer colleagues for the establishment of an East Timor, free of Australian (YES, YOU!!) dollar exploitation, Indonesian total ideological manipulation, US tourist industry (cough, cough) turning them into cute natives and dandy waiters. As is usually the case in conflicts of this sort, Uncle Tom gets a mention. In the form of local tribal chiefs, LIURAI, who have ways of making small-time farmers shift into the normal Western city servile shit-work of oppressed people everywhere. FRETILIN is the party which embodies their aspirations to build a place with all our disasters as What Not To Dos.

Same demo - dancing, singing and poetry reading in Tetum.

They represented the people last year under the name (Committee in Defence of Labour and won them a 50% increase in wages. José patiently explained that FRETILIN is the first thoroughly national organisation representing the vast bulk (80%) of the population.

The UDT claims independence too, but only from outside, it seems: that the Liurai perpetuate their elite position and make big money appeals to them greatly. They represent the Liurai.

The party called APODETI (Popular Democratic Union of Timor) is pro Indonesian. They (and the Indonesians . . . funny) claim that some racial similarity demands the integration of East Timor into Indonesia.

José did not seem to know the English word "bullshit!" As he pointed out, this denies the reality of the social dynamic. Millett has observed this 'frozen moment' type argument to be a semantic device unique to the reactionary and the oppressor. José quips with poetic irony "How can they be the same? The West Timorese have been persistently ripped off by the Indian, Arabian, French, German and Dutch imperialists. Here in East Timor we have 500 years of Portuguese oppression. Different colonialism: different brainwashing." He waxes wrathful and protests, not at the vile racism such a view represents i.e. despite different environment, "they are all the same" - but merely at the supreme ignorance of such a view.

To a question from the floor José replied that if any revolutionary group championed 300,000 out of 650,000 it could not be said to be a movement of the people.

A revolution from utter oppression (it is the poorest nation in S.E.A.) to happy independence must involve the creation of a new man and more specially a new woman. In José's words "If the male Maubere is a slave, the woman is twice the slave." The FRETILIN Party encourages all women in the creation of a new and free East Timor. Does José maybe seem a trifle lighthearted about the oppression of women, or is it not just his affable manner? He tells a neat tale about a Liurai in

Oê Cussi who was a very powerful man but hadn't allowed for the popular success of a local sister who inflamed the fervour of the mob at a spontaneous FRETILIN demo laid on for a troupe of visiting MPs, Tribunes, and the FRETILIN president. No bloodshed: just some elections. The first ever.

As both *Woroni* reporters noted in different pads (despite the "typicality of their slack attitude"):
"FRETILIN ≡ PEOPLE"
"PEOPLE ⇔ FRETILIN"



If you get mystic about microcosms and contingent realities, you might like to ponder the relation this FRETILIN from-the-élite-into-the-hills-revolution bears to our good old International Counter Culture and its White Middle Class heroes, who gave up venetians for brown rice and hubbly-bubbly. Well, this guy José has to be seen to be believed.

To another questioner he expressed FRETILIN's heart's desire to abolish all passports, visas, forms, checks, lists and all-that crap; but added with a shrug of his shoulders, that visitors' red-tape would hopefully be minimal - he personally looks forward to visits by young Australians like the weird hippy sitting on the floor (in fact, same above-mentioned questioner) I'll be along, too, José!

Seriously, but, Marge, what can YOU do? You can wang something into the proper channels, as José suggests, and demand that wrong be set right and that the Australian Government support the People of East Timor (≡ FRETILIN) in their struggle. José pointed out the "good reputation" Australia has for supporting the Third World in the U.N. Ah, but José doesn't know what a back-stabbing-fist-in-pocket-nudge-say-na-more lot of hypocritical swindlers foreign affairs policy makers really are. Still parties have been heard to suggest that Timor would constitute a threat to local (i.e. Australian-eeek!) security. Ho, ho, ho, says José as he treats us to a mental image of 650,000 East Timorese (including men and boys) hurling themselves in demoniac fury on the crags near Darwin or somewhere. José draws our attention to the thousands of East Timorese who died to prevent Japanese occupation for further attacks on Australia-though he doesn't really press the point to this audience, with a smile, I recall.

He also suggested medical aid to the sorely-treated East Timorese, maybe educational aids, scholarships (and why not?). But mostly a reassuring word from Gough, loud enough to reach Djakarta....

All in all, a thoroughly agreeable idea spouted by an affable revolutionary. FRETILIN (⇔ The East Timorese People) will win: they have decided nothing will stop them removing any elite, be it Portuguese or Timorese or Australian or whatever. This self-confidence, José begs us understand, is not pride: "It is Realism. It is an ideological necessity." As Daniel Cohn-Bendit once quipped "I am a revolutionary because it is a nicer way to live," and Ernesto C. Guevara: "At the risk of sounding ridiculous, I say the true revolutionary is moved by feelings of great love."

FRETILIN ⇔ PEOPLE

All else is delusion. I had a vague notion FRETILIN were the "goodies" but José, in his brown jungle-shirt with buckle down flap pockets, has made it all a lot clearer for me.

If you wish to be involved in a support campaign for FRETILIN, please write to:

Please write to Jill Jolliffe, c/o Students' Association, P.O. Box 4, Canberra.

Woroni Exclusive Interview (#2)



Woroni's exclusive in-depth interview with Actor/model Stephen Neilsen is the second in a projected series of in-depth interviews with Mr ANU contestants. Photography is again by Patrick Power.

RADIO 2nd Term Programme

Monday
7.00- 9.00 Breakfast
12.00- 2.00 Lunch
2.00- 5.00 Rock
5.00- 7.00 Sunset
7.00- 8.00 Christian Program
Crimson Dawn
8.00- 9.00 Japanese/Chinese Show
9.00-11.00 Classics
11.00- 1.00 Progression

Tuesday
7.00- 9.00 Breakfast
12.00- 2.00 Lunch
2.00- 5.00 Classics
5.00- 7.00 Sunset
7.00- 8.00 Special
8.00- 9.00 Classics
9.00-11.00 Rock
11.00- 1.00 Progression

Wednesday
7.00- 9.00 Breakfast
9.00-12.00 Mid-Morning
12.00- 2.00 Lunch
2.00- 5.00 Mid-Afternoon
5.00- 7.00 Sunset
7.00- 8.00 Requested Album
8.00- 9.00 Images
9.00-11.00 Folk
11.00- 1.00 Progression

Thursday
7.00- 9.00 Breakfast
12.00- 2.00 Lunch
2.00- 5.00 Classics
5.00- 7.00 Sunset
7.00- 8.00 Special
8.00- 9.00 Theatre Review
9.00-11.00 Jazz
11.00- 1.00 Progression

Friday
7.00- 9.00 Breakfast
9.00-12.00 Mid-Morning
12.00- 2.00 Lunch
2.00- 5.00 Rock
5.00- 7.00 Sunset
7.00- 8.00 News Magazine
8.00- 9.00 Alternative Canberra
9.00-11.00 Australian Blues Society
11.00- 1.00 Progression

Saturday
9.00-12.00 Mid-Morning
12.00- 3.00 Saturday Sounds
3.00- 6.00 Saturday Sounds
6.00- 9.00 Saturday Sounds
9.00-11.00 Rock
11.00- 1.00 Progression

Sunday
9.00-12.00 Mid-Morning
12.00- 3.00 Classics
3.00- 6.00 Sunday Sounds
6.00- 9.00 Sunday Sounds
8.00- 9.00 Pieces
9.00-11.00 Folk
11.00- 1.00 Progression

ABC News at 7.45 am, 12.30 pm
7.00pm and 11.00pm everyday.

We called on young Stephen Neilsen (19, of Belconnen) to speak to him about his opinions and his aims in life. We found him playing in the garden.

Woroni: What place do you think beauty contests have in today's society.

Stephen: I believe that beauty contests such as Mr ANU are an integral part of our society and a worthwhile and exciting event.

Woroni: I see you have with you a furry toy? I suppose you've had it for years?

Stephen Neilsen

STEPHEN: Yes, he's called Alexander, and in fact I can still remember when I first stuffed Teddy.

Woroni: That must have been an experience.

Stephen: Yes, well the cat got at him, so I had to patch him up, did an excellent job too, though the pixies helped.

Woroni: Pixies!

Stephen: Pixies — the most beau-

tiful beings to tread the leaves of our lives. Pixies, are so beautiful that just a glimpse of one is enough to give you a real buzz. But, unfortunately, I became so in the beauty of one Pixie that I just gaze, and, before I know it, the Pixie has gone.

Woroni: But what do you intend to do once you've left University?

Stephen: I hope one day to become Prime Minister but I'd really like to step straight into the position. I don't really like the idea of going up through the ranks — backbencher, minister, cabinet, god . . .!

Woroni: Thank you Stephen —

Stephen: ... "kick those well raked autumn leaves but as you do ask yourself: How can you turn over a new leaf, when all the trees are dead?"

Woroni: Thanks.

Mr ANU is an unmarried man about campus. He has a lovely face, an immaculate body, a charming manner and a radiant personality. He is graceful, demure, well-spoken and well-groomed. In fact, he could be you. Send your money

Send your entry form to —

Mr ANU Quest Committee
Field Theatre
ANUSA, P.O. Box 4,
Canberra.

All proceeds from the quest will go to the Women's Refuge in Watson



STARLETTE NOT STAGESTRUCK

Friday, 13th June 1975

fi, fo,
fouglt
fom...

Dear Prudence

Dear Prudence,

For the last two years I have been going out with a guy and have developed a very good relationship with him, — that is, until a couple of months ago, when he started to show a very strange trait.

It all started one night when we were making love and I accidentally scratched him too hard on his back and made it bleed — I thought he'd be angry, but instead it just about blew his mind. He's made me grow my nails long since then, and he keeps asking me to do such things as bite him really hard and slap him when we're screwing.

I'm scared now, because apart from this, he's a very generous, kind, happy person. I don't want to break off with him, but I'm wondering just how long it will be before he buys me spurs and a whip.

signed ...

"ANTI-MASOCHIST"

Dear Anti-Masochist,

There is nothing wrong with your boyfriend's preference, but if it is making you unhappy and putting a strain on your relationship, I suggest you discuss it with him, letting him know exactly how you feel about it. As you do not want to terminate your relationship, and do not wish to become deeply involved in gado-masochism, you both should attempt to arrive at some mutual agreement, rather than suffering in silence. I'm sure it would help if you let your boyfriend know your fears for the progression of the relationship; but if he is set on a whips and spurs style, and you are not, you would both probably be happier with different partners.

Dear Prudence,

My girlfriend wants me to enter the Mr ANU contest, but I don't want to. I consider it an insult to masculinity, and that it would be very degrading to enter such a farce.

However, I can't get my girlfriend to understand this. She says that my attitude is starting to point out some aspects in me which she did not realise before, such as that I am "arrogant" and "unliberated", a "bourgeois chauvinistic pig", a "woman-oppressor", and such like.

I think she is being very unfair, just because I don't want to enter a joke of a contest. I don't want to lose her over such a petty disagreement, but she won't let up on the matter.

As a woman, can you explain her actions, and tell me how to make her see a reasonable point of view? I'm normally a very patient person but this has gone too far.

signed.....

"JOHN"

Dear John,

I can understand your feelings about the Mr ANU Quest, as our society is not accustomed to seeing men in a situation, such as this quest, which is usually confined to women. The quest is not designed to degrade the men participating, but rather to present a male version of the female beauty quest along the same lines. It is not intending to produce a farcical event, rather to show exactly how a contest as this would be presented with male participants. Your reaction is equitable with the reactions of many females to existing beauty quests such as Miss World and Miss Universe quests that involve women. Perhaps your girlfriend thinks from your reaction that you are chauvinistic and arrogant because your reasons for objection are not that any quest of this nature is degrading, whether it involves male or female contestants, but that it is merely an insult to masculinity. Explain to her that female beauty quests are equally degrading if you think they are; if you don't, you are probably all that she says you are.

balls tits and grease paint

THE W E E K E Y

Hi there folks, Well, B, T & G's moves into the bands of being a 'regular' column. And it hurts. A brief pause while I douse my eyes (red and tortured orbs) with Murine in order to hold them alert for a few more lines.

* * * * *
"HEADS ..." was, relatively, a great success for Theatre Group, and to all those who took part it was undoubtedly a great success, especially after serious doubts were raised about "HEADS ..." It looks like making a small profit, after running for only three nights. (See Review, this issue).

* * * * *
The ATW comedy "The Italian Straw Hat" opens next Wednesday in Childers St. Hall, until Saturday. A funny play moving further into the depths of ridiculousness—with the addition of Gilbert & Sullivan.

It must be worth seeing. (Adapted from *Worcester*)

* * * * *
The Mr ANU Quest is now under the official auspices of Field Theatre. Always looking for support and assistance (and entries) from all sources. The Glamour event of the year, even if doubts exist about its cosmic validity. Indeed, your correspondent sometimes feels cosmically invalid, on an intense personal level. How ...!

* * * * *
"VATZLAV" is well under way, sort of. Having read through the play, one can (indeed, one feels one must say) that "Vatzlav" reaffirms a belief in the horticultural aspects of Black Comedy, Poland and blond slaves [sic]. Besides which, the play is superb theatre. As T.G. wants/needs/desires money for F.A.S.T. (Festival of Australian Student Theatre, formerly F.U.D., Festival of Uni. Drama) in August, and for the Arts Centre next year. Part of the new cultural revolution — an Ongoing Theatrical Experience — VATZLAV, a New Theatre Group Production, in late July, early August.

* * * * *
Only a few inches of paper left. Tired. NOTES: N.U.D.E. classes, of necessity to anybody, who wants to be somebody.

WORKSHOPS: Monday Nights: 8pm in the Social Action Room, behind Childers St. Hall.

Need it be necessary? —



This is it folks, the new regime: not just vacuous noises of disappointment and rationalization of a late newspaper (I've been slack — how terrible) but its the start of a theoretically regular paper coming out on alternate Thursdays (like last Thursday, e.g.) but this can't be done unless all copy (i.e. letters, articles, graphics, ideas, written words, photographs, etc.) is in by the Friday previous. In this instance, this Friday (20 June). So — unless relevant to events after Friday 20th no later articles will be acceptedeven if it means three blank pages!!

I know life ain't exciting enough to write anything down until Tuesday or Wednesday but, well gee, poor Maree has to type 80 million words in one day if everything is always late.

WHEN THE REVOLUTION COMES WORONI WILL COME OUT WHEN IT'S READY, but until then its gotta come out regular like. Don't forget the \$1. classifieds: so much more efficient than bits of paper on noticeboards.

Give your organ the support it needs! Crush the oppressors! Rise up and regurgitate?

P.S. Woroni is going to change its name to *Woroni*. (Note the 'o's have been reversed.)

Send more letters (we print anything), reviews, notes and info. *Woroni* is efficient. (I said it)

.. Roland



ANU SKI CLUB

SKI MARKETS

SATURDAY 14th & 21st JUNE
CLUBS AND SOCIETIES ROOM
10-1pm.

- If you want to sell any old gear bring it along — we'll do it for you
- If you want to buy — come along and make a bargain.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY

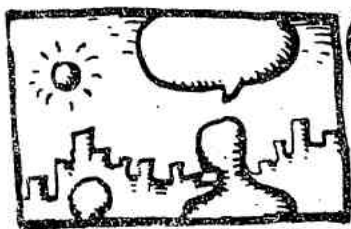
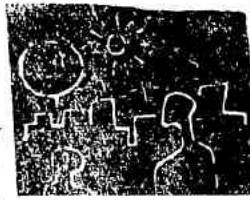
presents a talk called:

The Socialist Alternative

being a dissertation by LAURIE

AARONS, National Secretary of the C.P.A., delivered at the Griffin Centre at 2.00 pm Sunday 22 June. FREE

CHRIS MCEWAN



ON TOAST

[our italics]

In the last edition of *Woroni* (29 May) an article by Jocelyn Clarke provoked, in me at least, a clearer definition of the power game played by men and women for sex.

In her first two paragraphs, Jocelyn Clarke defines both the problems and the solution:

'The woman is a walled city. The man lays siege to it. With his battering ram. She surrenders. She lets him in. He fucks her. That's all there is to it . . .

'Until we get rid of the power imagery and the power struggle. Until it stops being fucking and becomes something else, I don't want to do it . . .'

These two paragraphs are among the most perceptive prose I have read in *Woroni* this year.

Our culture has, until very recently, encouraged men to seek sex for the lowest possible price while, at the same time, encouraging women to sell sex for the highest price obtainable, this usually being marriage and a house. Most teenagers would, I assume, pick up the outlines of this power struggle and the rules of the game.

The more unscrupulous young men use lies, flattery, and feigned sincerity to get their way. Others stumble through the power play in a haze of emerging adulthood. The sorry fact is that many girls, like Jocelyn Clarke, believe in, and fall for, the 'bullshit artists'. A girl [sic] who has been bitten once or twice by such shysters should have learnt to pick her men [sic] more carefully.

Apart from the traumas bullshit artists inflict on young women, the next most serious damage they do is to encourage those women to think that all men are the same.

The generalisation these women can develop is that all men want sex and will stoop to any length to get it. Thus, a woman should distrust all men, never commit herself fully to any man, and that any man who shows a sexual interest in her should be treated with disdain and disgust.

I think Jocelyn Clarke has fallen for this trap, because from the third paragraph on, she tells us of her revulsion for men's bodies. What she is saying, in effect, is that she has dropped right out of the sexual game between men and women. Hopefully, she will be better treated by her new circle of friends.

Her experiences with men, however, reflect the stupidity of many men and the cupidity of many women.

Men are stupid for giving women the impression that they want sex so badly. Once men admit craving for this act, a woman is given the power to decide upon the price of her favors. This, to me, is an intolerable situation. If a woman wants sex, she should ask the guy. This means a lot of guys will not be asked, and those that are asked will have to wait longer than if they pressed the issue.

But the value of this approach is that it should give both parties a chance to learn more about each other. In particular, it forces the woman to attract and retain the male's interest by something more than her attractive body [sic] that is, attractive personality. My experience with this ultra-cool approach was a series of relationships that were not spectacular, nor consummated, but relationships worth looking back on with pride and contentment. These are relationships that contribute to human happiness.

Another intensely irritating point about most men is the mere fact of their asking for sex.

My view is that a woman's body is her private property [sic], to dispose of [sic] as she sees fit. If she invites a mate to join her, then she is offering, not so much a valuable possession as a valuable right-of-access to the inner recesses of her personality. (It seems to me that *most women place little value on the sex act*, but place a very high value on the security and quality of the relationship that leads to the sex act).

In this old-fashioned view, a woman offers herself to a man — she is making a gift of herself. By definition, a gift is something offered to you — one does NOT ask for a gift. According to this logic, a man who asks a woman for sex is committing a gross breach of good manners.

Jocelyn Clarke ends her article with a poignant question —

'With all these memories, how can I love a man?'

Love is in the mind of the lover — and two manifestations of that state of mind are accurate guides as to the quality of that love. One is the way the lover treats his [sic] beloved, although one can be kind without being in love. The second manifestation is the amount of time the lover is prepared to spend with his [sic] beloved. If these two manifestations meet the perceptions and expectations of the couple, then they are well on the way to resolving their conflicts of interest in the battle for power and sex.

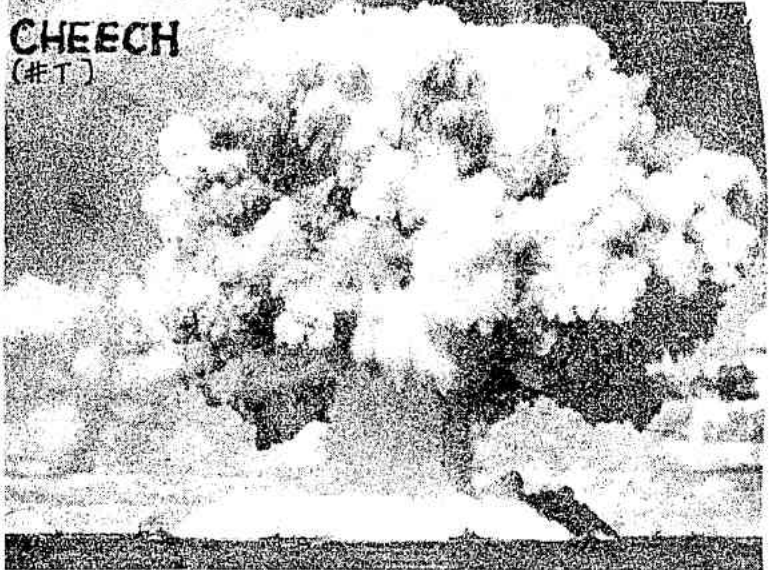
All men are not the same, Jocelyn — ask my wife. And men are as prone to having beautiful bodies as women [sic].

"Sox, Sux, Six, Sex, Sax" cried the frightened mangelwurzel...

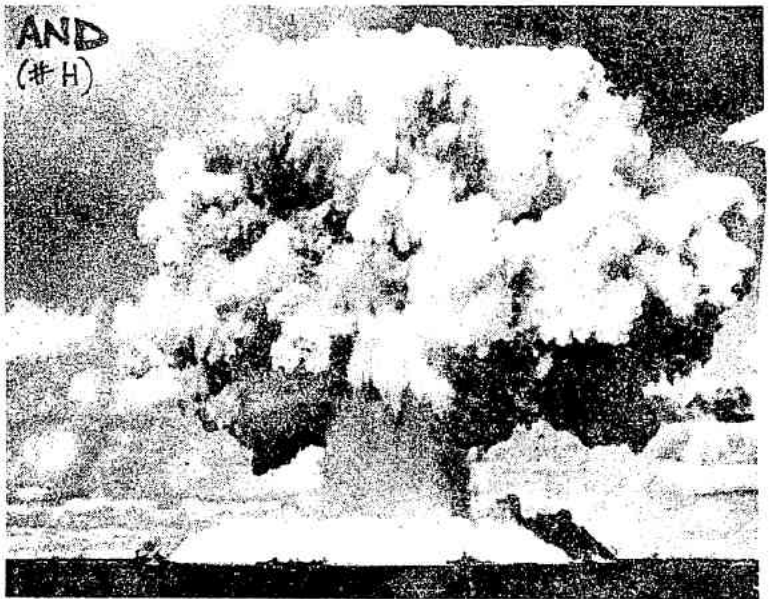
HITHERE from K's KOOLITE! Spot The Difference Comp!! KORNER!!!

One of these atom bomb explosions is 1000x heat of sun centre while the other two are only 1001x heat of sun-c. Send us your guess in this infantile melodrama + the first opened correct entry wins a fab technical or poster (big) if, you guessed it!

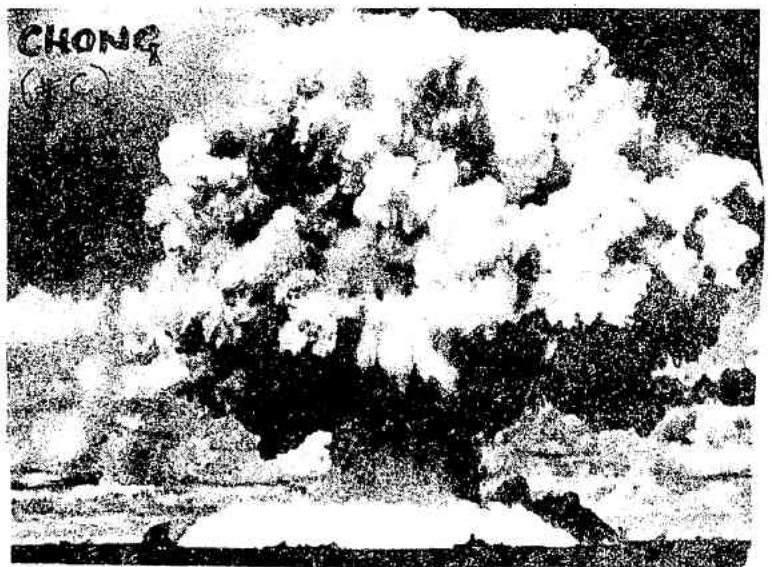
CHEECH (#T)



AND (#H)



CHONG (#C)



Seriously, folks, send 'em in! Send to S.T.D. % WDRONI ANUSA YOU could WIN

Amory is ill, we hope for a recovery

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH

- * Vigil against Uranium mining starts Tuesday 17 June 7-45pm cnr. Northbourne Avenue and Barry Drive every weekday morning thereafter.
- * Demonstrate against Japanese slaughter of Whales and Australian complicity. Thursday 19 June - 4pm Japanese Embassy, Adelaide Avenue.
- * Demonstrate against Uranium Mining 7.30pm Petrie Plaza Friday 20 June. Studying, eh? concerned about your future - well show a bit of concern about the next few hundred thousand years - the lifetime of radioactive wastes.

ANU STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

GENERAL MEETING

18 JUNE 8pm WEDNESDAY

NOMINATIONS -

- Bush Week Director
- Bush Week Rag Editor
- 2 General Reps. on Finance C'ttee
- 5 General Reps. on Education C'ttee
- 1 Rep. on the Library Committee
- 1 S.A. Rep. on Asian Studies Faculty
- 1 S.A. on University creche.

To Students' Association Office by 5 pm Wednesday 18 June.

Julius Roe

PADDLING
THE
BULLSHIT
BOAT.

But what are we doing. I risk becoming boring and drift off. Off into the questions you tend to ask yourself playing stoned sillybuggers at 2am, all for the sake of a rag read by four activists and six fuckwitted Cretin-Morons (a well known Canberra family, not far removed from Quo, Status and friends) if interest in getting the Show on the Road is any indication of readership. Faarrt to you all. But the questions still remain.

They are a fairly amorphous mold of questions - and can be put in many ways, for different things. But now I am forced (wrongly or rightly) into assessing the political/social functions and involvements of Art; or, more importantly, the nature of being *Political* in existing.

Paul Berger, Art Critic for the *New Statesman* says in his book "Permanent Red" that Art, to be good must explore the hope of mankind, and that of necessity, Art must be political therefore, in its

essential nature. His argument is convincing, his criticism of Art Works along these guidelines is perceptive and believable. And so it becomes hard to remain unaffected by at least a taint of Berger's belief. The questions extend, the answers become harder and harder to accept.

I am asked to reject certain premises of artistic elites, and made to realise that the Counter Culture may be more than just a new culture, but is a whole, new valid and necessary approach to artistic concepts. For a person who believes in structure, yet equally is convinced of the need to be political in what you do, the decisions rising out of such a realization may be horrendous, to carry out especially. (And no doubt, Mr & Mrs. Cretin-Moron-Money'n'Galleries-Hot Shit Pseudo Austrian Skier, for you boring. So we move speedily to a conclusive conclusion).

It boils down to a realization that your existence *must* be political, that you *must* make your hope. For some, this means your life for the Revolution, for others Consciousness Raising, Art or Social Action. It would seem that a lot of people go through the Great Chess Board of Life without reaffirming any belief they may, in some lost Grail-like Youth, have held. And furthermore, that bourgeois capitalism perpetuates. Everybody offers different reasons; the idea that we fight our existence, or fight for it, so hard that we live tensely, negatively against Nature. which is ours, not "Theirs"

The rave becomes totally devoid of jointed logic and structure. The night fades into day, warm into frost, the mind into drifting. He writes not for history/the "straights"/philosophy journals. He writes for Liberation, love and a little for Art.

What we all must do is make the observations, watch the movement and find the questions the answers are. Don't join Pro-Life Groups, or strive for reform of the Church! The answers lie in existing for Liberation of the Mind, the moral of an ethic for Life, not Materialism and Structures. And it is hard, to fight with the concept and living in the world.

Do it strongly, gentle with blood and ice
And why not be in-the-world a little.

Woroni, Theatre Group, Field Theatre, Poetry Society, etc. (and even the Labour Club, Heaven forbid!). Better still, Fuck the Institutions, go it outside till you can fight it well.

MACGREGOR

from a paper called "THE SWINGING PRIEST IN MODERN SOCIETY." Sydney, 1977



NOTES!

Bill Morrison gives the greenlight for the Mildura Stratospheric Balloon Launching Station. Since U.S. Imperialists moved out, CSIRO will be testing the protective ozone layer which is under fatal attack from all those handy spray packs that you are using. Let's hope the CSIRO decides that we have absolutely buggered up the atmosphere irrevocably.

So the Revolution doesn't go on without Paul Mason? Last Sunday's Men Against Sexism Meeting clashed

horribly with Norman Gunston's Show. It seems a body of people turned up only 15 mins. after the appointed hour. They didn't get much "meaningful dialogue" under-way but they did score one extra Friend of Earth. God worketh in mysterious ways . . .

Retake of inaugural Men Against Sexism - 9pm Wednesday Night C & S Room

after S.A. Meeting for Bush Week Director

33 acquitted co-defendants seems a little like a typical co-optative ruling-class tactic to quieten stormy areas. Still, better safe than sorry.

This year's "Revue" went off with three sharp pops (exploding seeds?). See p.13. It certainly didn't become the social mecca of the week as did last year's Revue. Zany, but hopelessly unstructured & inconsistent. While the cast obviously thought it was hilarious, Paul Thom was seen to be smiling at one stage.

Still no Bush Week Director or Bush Week Rag Editor - and all because of Democracy: the people can't be bothered participating and the ANUSA meeting lapses through lack of quorum. Come and complain of this shocking state of affairs (& have a say on the Directorship & Editorship) at the next ANUSA Meeting at 8pm in the Refectory on Wednesday 18 June. Why believe your friends when they cry Studpol is fun . . . come and find out for yourself.

New N.U.D.E. President, K.J. Broderick is no doubt careful to whom she

extends her personally Gestetnered and biro-signed invitations to view the sweat-factory 'with a view to becoming [sic] a full-time member? Sorry, Kerry, but I'm a part-timer with a casual job.

Rumblings in the Corridors That Be that the dolt from AO2 had got away. Either Applied Maths is to be purified or Pure Maths is to be Applied. General confusion.

PLAN-A-HEAD: I heard it on the wind and I am not dreaming because. The \$30.00 deal is a fashion no-no. The new figure is \$28.00 for anyone who buys by the ounce, and may drop further as the depression moves away from the Campus.

Last month a silly "30 g" trend started but take my advice and steer clear of the bulldust. You cut a pound in half four times (abrazzlegy-moggah! Zoo-zam!) and hey presto! you've got 16 deals which in themselves are not worth a pinch of poop and which on the market should be no more than about 75c/ounce inclusive of organic growing, distribution and retail - like basil or tarragon. Heigh-ho, donkey-riding...!



LETTERS WILLET

Dear Sir,

On Wednesday 28 May, a group of students opposed to abortion-on-demand advertised in Bullsheet.

1pm ANU PRO-LIFE GROUP - MEETINGS ROOM.

They wanted to get together to discuss their point of view, and look at ways of organizing like-minded people into a PRO-LIFE club, to be affiliated with both the ANUSA and a national anti-abortion body. A reactionary pressure-group perhaps, but nevertheless a legitimate viewpoint deserving some promotion. A right to freedom of organization perhaps.

But that right was to be denied. The meeting was 'stacked' by pro-abortionists who were clearly uninterested in hearing what any of the pro-lifers had to say, or to indulge in debate. The organizer of the pro-life group, obviously sincere but handicapped by a soft voice in a rowdy room, was immediately the target of the 'stackers', who wanted the gathering declared a meeting so that motions could be passed setting up a 'Pro-Life' club on pro-abortion principles. When she protested that the meeting was only intended as a

discussion group, refused the title of 'chairperson', and would not allow the meeting to be run along formal lines, the 'stackers' (stackists) really took over. The meeting was unilaterally declared open by one loudmouth near the door, who called (bellowed) for nominations for chairman and was himself duly elected. A committee of pro-abortionists was then set up to draft a constitution for the club, one of its principles to be 'that the greatest good of the greatest number lay in recognizing abortion on demand as a woman's right.'

I felt myself in something of a quandary. My ideas and attitudes about abortion were very largely those of the 'stackists', but I respected the opposite viewpoint and could in no way condone the pro-abortionists' actions in frustrating an honest attempt to form a club that would support that viewpoint. Not only freedom of association but freedom of speech was being denied; on a campus where small-l liberal issues enjoy a closed shop, an unpopular opinion was being stifled. In a university where broad-mindedness is compulsory and conservatives are ostracized, where abnormality is the norm and 'straights' are forced into cliques for their own protection and sanity, where morals and principles are so much bullshit and religion is anathema, this was the greatest display of arrogant intolerance I had yet seen. And this from a group which accused its opponents of forcing their private morality down the throat of society, of prejudice and bigotry, of religious fever and one-eyed approaches this from a group which above all claims to be defending rights and liberties, to be 'liberal' in the best sense of the word.

But it was pointless to argue. The one-party rulers, the closed minds, the ideologists were in control. All I could do was express my sympathy, suggest they seek advice on their right to the name 'Pro-Life Club', apologize for my own hypocrisy, and leave. Perhaps next time I'll have the courage to stand up for my principles.

"I cannot agree with what you say, but I'll defend to the death your right to say it."

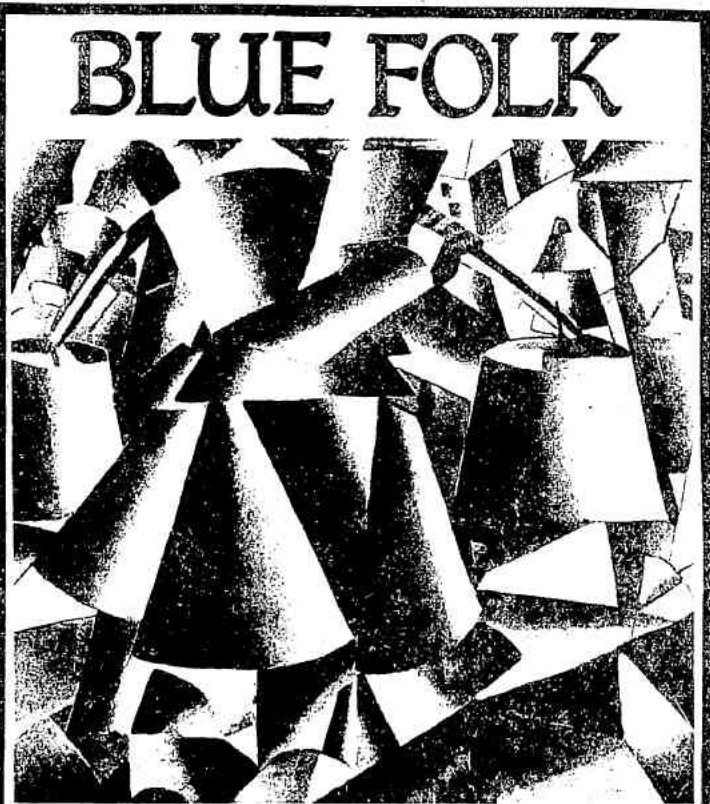
All letters to the editor to be addressed to Editor or Editor, Woroni in fact any salutation other than the likes

of Dear Sir, because it's sexist.....all sexist terminology shall henceforth be highlighted by [sic] ...Roland

Put together (so slowly this time) by Paul Tony Jon Jon Prue Bronwen Isabella Meg Steven Richard Andrew Jon Greg Julia and the whole world.....

and Roland "No-False-Modesty" Mandie -son. Friday, 13th June 1975

Typed by Maree, printed by Progress Press Pty. Ltd., of Fyshwick and consciousness-lowering and a slow deadline, energy from inertia doesn't last forever.



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ANYTHING AT ALL

Griffin Centre
EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT

Friday 13th June 1975

Two(c.e)-upon-a-times wise and still its slowly slowly (sort of like softly softly, you tread on my pine tooth)

For More Continued Stimulation Again:



Whitney Disgrunts, Still & Gnashes Gums

1
GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES
by Anita Loos (Picador, 156pp, \$1.50).

James Joyce, as the cover-note informs us, 'reclined on a sofa reading *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* for three days. It is a recommendation which only becomes meaningful when taken in the context of Loos' opening section. The

Biography of a Book, where she points out that at the time Joyce was losing his eyesight. The book is presented in diary-form, and as each day is started on (and in fact half-way down) a new page, the book is actually much shorter than is suggested above. Even those who finish it should find it no more than an hour's effort. The story is of Lorelei Lee, the original 'dumb blonde' and it tests what is offered as a scientific hypothesis, namely that gentlemen prefer blondes. Loos does, however admit the social and economic determinants of her thesis, and believes that the 60's, as opposed to the 20's in which the story is set, would be characterized by 'gentlemen prefer gentlemen', a result of the dangerously high level of over-population. The book is therefore on the author's admission, historically limited, though possibly a valuable 'primary source'. Lorelei's success in her travels, and her final claim that, 'after all, everything always turn out for the best', is the proof of the hypothesis.

The 'charm' of the book lies in the 'dumb blonde's' portraying things from her own perspective, and a comparison with what one might expect (thereby allowing for reader participation), provides the humour which is the unifying factor through the book.

However, it is a specialist type of humour, and one which would require a great deal of stamina if it were not to be exhausted by the repetition. On its simplest level, it makes use of mistaken spelling or pronunciation not to suggest daring puns but as ends in themselves. Examples are 'intreeced', 'unaforn', and 'Dr Froyd'. Great fun is, of course, to be had in Paris, which is divine, especially with its Eyeful Tower (the only real attempt at a pun). Dorothy, Lorelei's bold travelling companion, suggests the possibility of laughter with her often mentioned but rarely quoted slang. And, in a scene which shows her truly independent spirit, she dismisses the Tower of London in a manner which the curious will find in Chapter 3.

More generally Lorelei takes the leading hand, and the naiveite of her comments makes them gems in themselves. 'I mean it seems quite unusual to think that it takes 6 days to come to London and only one day to come to Paris.' However, some genuinely amusing moments are to be found by the patient. 'So then she said she would drag it into the court and she would say that it was undue influence. So I said to her, 'If you wear that hat into a court, we will see if the judge thinks that it took undue influence to make Sir Francis Beekman look at a girl... You have to be the Queen of England to get away with a hat like that.' There may still be some doubt as to whether that constitutes a highlight.

I found one or two serious notes, although I'm not sure that this was not a misreading. There did seem an irony, however, in that a lot of wealthy men lavished time and money on Lorelei, helping to 'educate' her, while actually she was helping them to find some sort of security. In one of the few well constructed scenes, Lorelei invites a 'stiff, old, English Lord' to her room, and arranges for the bell-boy to have a dozen very expensive orchids delivered to her. She then effusively thanks the unsuspecting Lord, who at first protests his ignorance. 'So then Dorothy and Gerald come in and I told them all about what a wonderful gentleman Piggie turned out to be and I told them when a gentleman sends a girl a dozen orchids everyday he really reminded me of a prince. So Piggie blushed quite a lot and he was really very very pleased and he did not say anymore that it was not him.' Lorelei has nothing to gain, the gentleman as always has everything. This would seem to be the only 'point' to the book. But then, as it was originally a serial in a woman's magazine, perhaps it is unfair to expect one. I imagine that as a serial it 'read' much better. As a book it is quite uninteresting, and the style is very poor. For while a diarist might in fact start most sentences with 'so', 'but', or 'I mean,' this would not appear to be the sort of realism a novelist should be attempting to capture. Nor should the need to keep a diary over at least several months be seen as a merely formal requirement.

PETER WHITNEY

Two brand new Nasal Deodorants - "Apple-Blossom" and "Honey"



2
Out of their minds - Clifford D. Simak 1972 (Sidgwick & Jackson).

Clifford Simak has deservedly gained the reputation as a producer of classic S.F. His stories have always exhibited a tendency to reflect a kind of *galactic overview* - man in his place in the Universe - which stirs the imagination and, it must be admitted, feeds the ego; 'City' (1954) 'Way Station' (1964) and the glorious novel 'The Big Front Yard' (1958) being prime examples.

Simak's most recent book, however, comes as rather a disappointment. 'Out of our Heads' tells of the revolt of man's fantasies - the creatures of the ID group substantial form - the dreams, the fictional literary characters of human history, given substance by man's continuing belief in them. If you have read enough SF the problem may be already apparent. It is simply that this theme has been dealt with many times before in many different situations and by many different authors. Some examples that immediately spring to mind are Irving Block's film 'Forbidden Planet' (1956) and stories by James Blish and Ray Bradbury.

The only possible reason for Simak tackling this theme would be if he thought he could do better - but he doesn't. Certainly he adds a few quaint new twists to the theme (i.e. like including some of Disney's characters on one hand and some not so pleasant ones from Lovecraft on the other) but Simak doesn't really seem to have much that is new or stimulatory to offer - in fact, despite Edmund Cooper's few words of praise on the back cover, the book strikes one as readable but basically mediocre and at times painfully predictable.

One can't help thinking that perhaps Simak has been left behind in the development of S.F. writing. His literary style was never brilliant - it was just better than average - and twenty years ago that was enough, especially when it was coupled with vastly brilliant themes. But time, and Zelazny and Delany has changed all that - today's S.F. reader wants imaginative writing as well as imaginative ideas and unfortunately 'Out of their Heads' exhibits little of either.

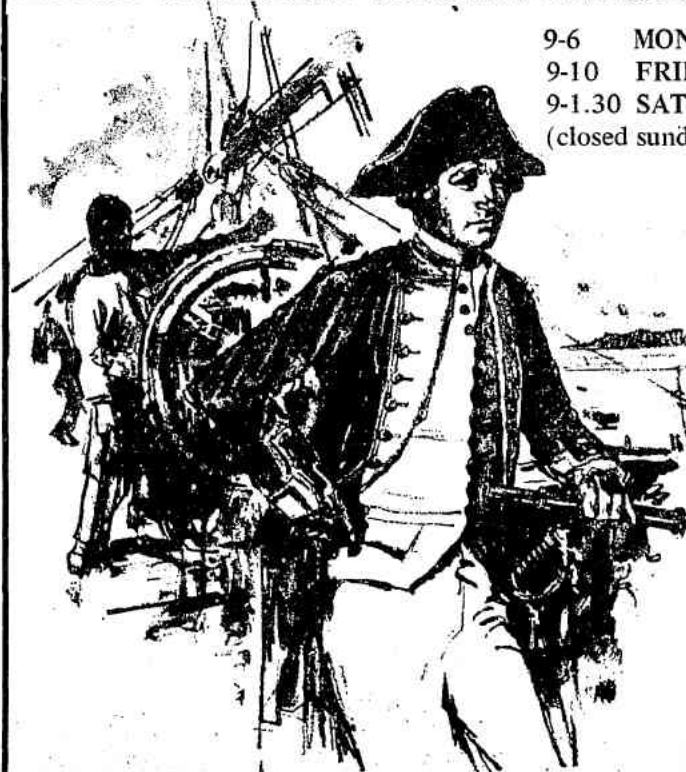
JON FREE

Captain Cook is dead...

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SHAREHOLDERS REPORT

CANBERRA-WIDE RADIO ANU — A REPORT

People continually ask us why they can't hear Radio ANU off campus. When the Station was set up back in 1972 one of the arguments which was vigorously used against our establishment was that Radio ANU would become the plaything of the idle rich in the Halls of Residence. We never accepted the line that every member of a Hall of Residence could necessarily be classified as idle or rich. However we did say that the setting up and running of a radio station was an enormous task and that as soon as we had the necessary expertise we would try for a Canberra wide licence. Since the early days of the Station more and more people have to live off campus because of either cost or lack of room. So by the end of 1973 with a volunteer staff of 60 and programming of nearly 100 hours a week we felt it was time we explored the possibilities of a Canberra-wide licence.

There are many reasons only Radio ANU should go Canberra-wide. From a student point of view perhaps the most obvious one is that as a radio station purporting to serve the University Community we are severely restricted when a great deal of that community can't hear us. To better serve our University community the Canberra-wide move would seem a logical one. Moreover a campus community station would provide a worthwhile bridge between the University and the community. The whole concept of "on air" media controlled by people other than commercial interest or the ABC, and run by people other than professionals who are just enthusiasts, is a new one. Universities are supposed to be involved in innovation, change, and experimentation as part of the learning experience. We have an opportunity to be true pioneers in the communications media in this

country and it would be a pity not to take it. Recently Radio ANU was host to an Australia-wide conference of student radio delegates, and programme manager Robyn Byrne is involved in the organisation of the new student radio network that conference established. Radio in Australia is moving into a new era and we'd like to move with it.

It was to try and find a starting point that the Radio Club at its 9 July meeting 1974, established the Public Broadcasting Committee "to investigate from any, and all aspects, the means of Canberra-wide transmission". The P.B.C. met on and off through 1974 but progress was not shattering.

The University Council who hold Radio ANU's licence had established a committee to look at Canberra-wide plans but they wouldn't meet until the Radio Station had prepared plans for them to look at. Meanwhile we didn't know what they would be prepared to consider. Rather like the riddle of who came first the chicken or the egg, nobody seemed to know where to begin.

In January seized by something akin to religious fervour the P.B.C. met and decided to do *something*. We divided the problem up into six aspects; legal, political, finance, appointed *sub-committees*, and wrote *lots of letters*.

The Committee met all through first term — every Wednesday. Co-ordinating a group of twenty people and achieving something productive from all that talk was a great achievement and the Committee proudly brought forth a seventy-page green paper. [n.b. this paper and the two subsequent papers the P.B.C. has produced are available on Reserve Desk of the General Studies Library for general perusal].

Basically, the whole problem of Canberra-wide transmission boiled down to three questions:

- i) Could we get a licence?
- ii) Who would hold the licence?
- iii) Who would finance the Station?

It appeared from available information that the government might be induced to offer one of its "low-power restricted commercial stations to serve specific community needs" in Canberra. From talks with the Broadcasting Control Board we also knew that to apply for that licence when it was called for and to have a hope of getting it meant involving ourselves with outside community groups. Our closest rivals for this was a groups representing 63 separate community groups.

We subsequently learnt it might be possible to apply for a special category of experimental cum educational licence like that under which Radio Adelaide University operates. So it appeared that two types of licence offered themselves to us.

The next question is probably a legal one — who could hold the licence. Under the Broadcasting and Television Act *only* a company can hold a licence. The University as a body corporate holds our current limited licence. If we involved ourselves with outside community groups in order to get the community radio licence the University would be extremely unlikely to hold the licence. That meant we had to set up a whole new body. We still don't know whether the University would agree to this. On the other hand, to apply for the educational/experimental licence the University had to put in the application, and hold the licence when it was granted. Again we don't know whether the University will be prepared to do this.

But what ever good reasons there may be for the Canberra-wide move the whole thing involves enormous in-depth planning. This sort of planning involves the University, the government, two separate government agencies, those of us on campus uninterested in radio per se (i.e. Radio Club) and you the students as represented in the Students' Association.

It goes without saying that the co-ordination of the two last named bodies, and the simultaneous persuasion of the first five is an extraordinarily difficult task. The process is a long and lengthy one involving the preparation of submissions, endless committee meetings and much orchestration of political muscle at at least four levels [Students' Association; University; Canberra community; national]. Just about everyone in the community seems dubious about giving Radio licences to students — in particular the Broadcasting Control Board.

So far I have spoken as if the movement Canberra-wide was an established option. It certainly isn't. The worst difficulty to overcome was to get sufficient information to ever know where to begin or who to go and see.

The final question is one of finance. We need money to up-date the studio and build a transmitter and also current income to pay either part-time or full time staff to handle the job of Canberra-wide transmission.

In a joint venture with the community we could expect finance from the community. However, if the University applied for a Canberra-wide educational/experimental licence we obviously could not expect the same support from the community. Thus finance would have to come from the University for this type of licence. Indications are that the University's spending will be cut by the A.U.C. and no finance will be available.

To establish what the University is prepared to do the Public Broadcasting Committee has prepared two more submissions for the University. They present both alternatives as the PBC sees them.

* Radio ANU as a University Radio Station — University holding the licence and funding, perhaps in combination with government grants if these were available.

* Radio ANU as a Canberra community Station with a new body made up of the University, the Students' Association, the staff of Radio ANU and community groups, holding the licence, and funded by the community.

The Public Broadcasting favours the first alternative but if this is not possible then we feel our Canberra-wide objects could equally be achieved by the second alternative.

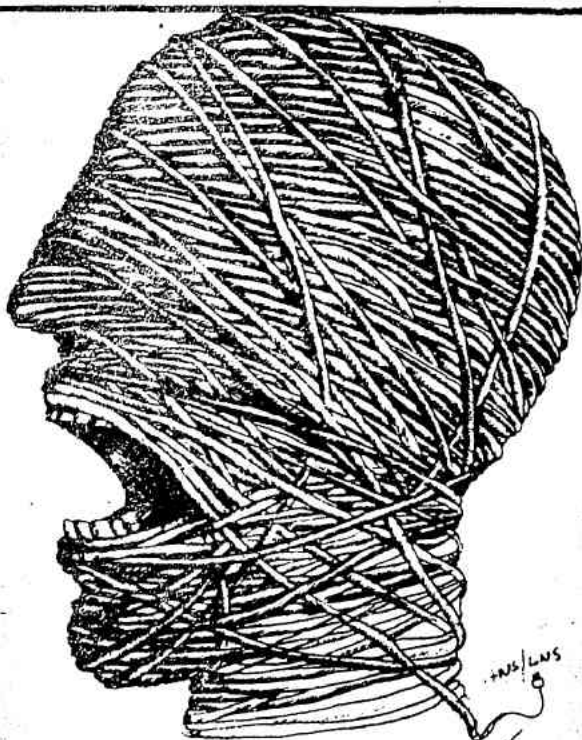
The ball is in the University's court: we are waiting for the Council Committee on Community Access Radio to meet and make a recommendation to the full University Council in July. The Public Broadcasting Committee will present its submissions and the University's answers at a general meeting of the Radio Club on Monday July 21st at 8.00 in the Hayden-Allen Tank. We will then go to a general meeting of the Students' Association with the Club's attitude. It should be noted that the Club consists of anybody interested in Radio ANU — listeners and announcers alike. We would like to extend a public invitation for *you* to attend the meeting on July 21.

So there it is — the current position of the Canberra-wide moves for Radio ANU. It looks as though the preliminaries are almost complete. Soon we hope to be able to begin the plan!!!

JOHN BOTTOMS
President,
Radio Club.

RADIO CLUB'S COMING ATTRACTIONS (I ?)

- 1 General Meeting 21 July — Canberra-wide report
- 2 Garden party end of second term
- 3 General meeting — beginning of first term
- 4 The 1974 Media Awards/3rd Birthday party (a time to drown your sorrows for come November when you will be gone (one way or another).



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plug for

IN DEFENCE OF FEMINISM
AGAINST WOMEN'S LIB.

The 'enemy' of feminism is not man, nor Man, nor the patriarchal society he has created; the enemy is nothing so concrete, he's ephemeral, ethereal, abstract; he's an attitude of mind labelled *sexism*.

And like so many 'isms', like racism and nationalism, he's a creature of prejudice. He exists because it is human nature to generalize[sic], to appraise, and to judge on past experience; combine them, and you create discrimination.

The end product is merely the distasteful symptom of a more complex disease. Like a runny nose, there are 'cures' available; the Equal Rights Amendment, equal pay decisions and so on. The danger lies in seeing unclogged nostrils as proof that the cold has been cured, that the virus has been beaten, when the 'cure' is only a cosmetic cover-up. The real solution lies in the virus itself.

Man is ruled by his prejudices. (Trite, hackneyed, cliched; but nonetheless true). Prejudices, too, are only a more complex symptom; the species, but not the genus. The root cause is an attitude of mind, a way of thinking, a process of appraisal. The inputs are all those pressures and influences we loosely call social conditioning, and experience; the catalyst, well, that's the key; the output, prejudice.

What, then, is the nature of this catalyst? How does the process work, and how can it be changed?

The essence lies in generalizations. Like racism. The aborigine is stupid, lazy, dirty, drunken, diseased, primitive. These are characteristics the mind accumulates as inputs (remember them?), lists, and pigeon-holes under 'people who are different'. When an aborigine comes along as something to be appraised, (instinctive), the list is consulted, and the assumption is made that he[sic] will conform to the type, with all the consequences that flow from it. He[sic] has been grouped, classified, and tagged, and faces an uphill battle to be reappraised, and even then to be tagged again as an exception. The Jews Nazi Germany so despised never included nice Mr Aarons, the neighborhood grocer; 'bloody Poms' never included Tom Jones or the Beatles, 'filthy poofters' never included Patrick White, and 'stupid women' never included mother.

Those are hasty generalizations too, which only goes to show how communication of ideas is tied down to them, and how dangerous they can be if not instinctively qualified, their limitations recognized and appreciated. The mind is always ready to jump to conclusions; it makes the business of thinking so much easier. The mind is always ready to dip into its stores of characteristics lists; it's so much more convenient than taking each new individual as he or she[is] less trouble than thinking in terms hedged about with all sorts of complex qualifications. Above all, it comes naturally to see people as you want to see them, to overlook the discrepancies and rationalize the anomalies; to treat people differently because you see them as different. And therein lies the rub.

How do we change this attitude of mind? That, patient reader, is

what feminism is all about. To have a woman viewed as an individual, exceptional, unique human being, to break away from the list of characteristics firmly ensconced in the filing cabinet brain of the bulk of the population, male and female, and from the predetermined position in society that flows from the unconscious application of that list and its ramifications by all those who perpetuate the existing structure (phew!).

And that, if all the pretentious platitudes that filled the first dozen parts of this article can be accepted, is what must be done, for women as a social group to see any real and basic change.

And Women's Liberation, with its bureaucracy, its subconscious standards, its slogans, its gimmicks, its organized consciousness, is more of a hindrance than a help.

Firstly, because the Women's Libber is herself a type, both outwardly and inwardly. To the male world, she's easily characterized, classified and labelled. She becomes an institutionalized joke, like a cartoon politician, easily recognized and readily ignored. Hardly something to be taken seriously (at all bar the most superficial level). Her bra-burning gimmicks, her 'sex-object' slogans, her offensive and aggressive manner, are all so easily ridiculed, their impact totally lost in their football cheer-squad unreality. Like the local branch of the communist party, society treats the Women's Lib movement with a kind of benign beneficence, a patronizing tolerance, to smile at banners whose true meaning has long been lost in endless repetition, their impact swamped by overuse. Like a mother lending a sympathetic ear to the complaints of a small child, the words are heard but not understood, the emotions seen but not recognized, the ideas imbibed but not inwardly digested. The cause is destined forever to bang at the doors of a closed mind, because the messenger is dressed in jester's attire. Nobody listens any more.

And if their attention-grabbing tactics have diverted attention from the true issues, their attitude to women who are content with their 'sex-role' in life has alienated the groundswell of potential support. If that exercise in misrepresentation, Arianna Stassinio-

polous, understood one thing about W.L., it was its own intolerance. Women's Lib has its own conformity, its own standards, its own norms, and any woman who hasn't gone the whole hog, who has accepted the wife-and-mother lifestyle for whatever her reasons, is made to feel a brainwashed idiot, to be scorned if not vilified. Is it any wonder she feels no sense of belonging, that she feels W.L. has nothing to say to her, that she has no place in the movement, like those content with our economic system who feel Communism has nothing of value to offer to them. If you're not with us, you're against us, is the attitude communicated; this extremism, this all or nothing approach, this absence of a half-way house [Ed: see graphic above, yippee!] helps to build a barrier between the ideals of feminism and the bulk of the female population.

Women's Lib conformist non-conformism has great attractions for the arty set. W.L. has become fashionable, the sophisticated in-thing; all those with-it terms that appeal to the pseudos of Paddo. And consequently its feminist philosophy has become stylized, induced, artificial; it has lost that natural, individual approach that is the essence of finding true liberation. The Women's Libbers are as much slaves to their ideology as they ever were to their kitchens and nurseries; they've made the movement into something you belong to, like the local mah-jong circle, rather than something that's a part of you. It has become the ersatz cream in caffeine-reduced coffee, the 'worthy cause' of pseudo-sophisticates; in short, it has become *trendy*, with all the shallow emptiness that entails. And as long as the would-be intellectuals can talk with forced sincerity about 'consciousness-raising', can solve their own doubts and insecurities by screaming 'male chauvinist pig', can find an organized expression of their own delusions of grandeur, W.L. will provide the outlet. So long as it carries this innate limitation, so long as it is considered 'sophisticated', it will remain something false.

Outwardly, too, Women's Lib is a profoundly sexist organization. Just look at its flood of generalizations about the male half of the population, the characteristics it attaches to the 'average man'. And observe the mode of thinking this engenders, the process of appraisal it implies. The irrational

prejudices displayed in the letter appearing on the back page of the last *Woroni* would be sad enough in themselves; that Ms Clarke should condemn four billion men on this

globe [Ed: Total human pop. 1970: 3.6×10^8 ; Estimation for 1980: 4×10^9 @ 2%] [Figures U.N.]

none of whom she has ever met, simply because they are men, is surely sexism at its most tragic. But when you consider that the bitterness, contempt, and even hatred she feels find voice every day in an organization supposedly committed to overthrow such intolerance, is grave cause for concern. This double standard, this hypocrisy, can only damage the cause of feminism.

But the institutionalized prejudice of Women's Lib doesn't stop at men. Look at the way they persecute the wife-and-mother woman, the generalizations they make about her, the way she is labelled and categorized, and denied any individuality. Look at their deification of the successful businesswoman, of the liberated female who has attained an equal level with the best[sic] of the world's males, and how she is purified, typecast, and worshipped, as Hitler worshipped Aryan, and with much the same result. Look at their attacks on the church, on government, on political parties, on social institutions, all laced with types, with suppositions, with generalizations, all displaying that attitude of mind which is the root of sexism.

Above all, Women's Lib is a millstone around the neck of feminism because of the way male society treats it. Support both government and individual, for W.L., is a sop to the women's movement; its conscience money, an apology without a retraction, an absolution without true repentance. Like Charlie Perkins, like International Women's Year, like the 10/10 Committee, Women's Lib is an exercise in tokenism, and as such contemptibly insignificant.

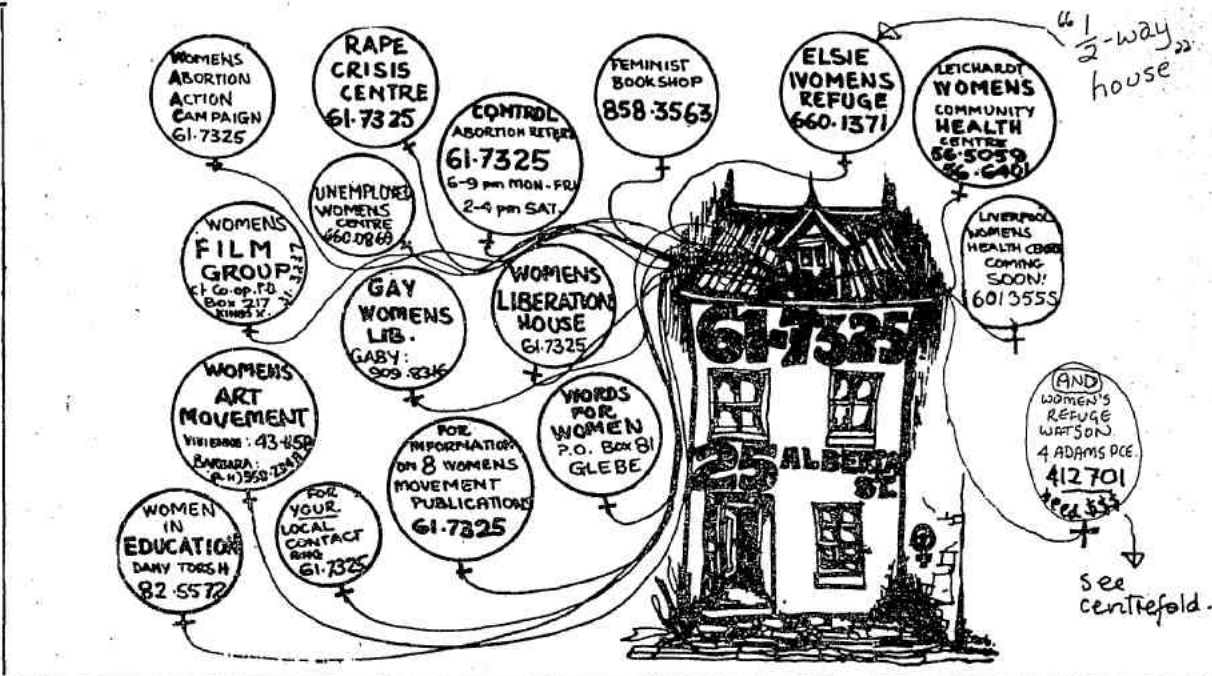
If the cause of woman is to advance, if sexism is to be defeated, if women are to be freed from the strictures of male-oriented society, feminism itself must be liberated: liberated from Women's Liberation.

GREG CARMAN

In theory only.

Friday, 13 June 1975

And the twisted warped and deformed nasal crinkles went to his hind end! 11 3059 21 218T



Revue Reviewed

On the nights of the fifth, sixth and seventh of June in the dingy recesses of the Childers St. Hall one of the most heinous and dastardly crimes against conventional theatre was committed by a cast of dangerously wonderful heads and others.

Yes, it was for the crowd of two hundred people every night who actually paid for this experience of colour and movement, a night unrivalled since 1974. Sitting on the floor at this cultural event was your sometime reviewer, John Fowler, I, along with my other spaced out friends sat getting piles and bopping to the music at a great revue.

Except for the beginning (or was it in search of a lost chord) which couldn't be helped a quick pace was maintained and the audience was effectively carried away with the music and dance which was good if not collectively brilliant all night.

The dancers were not individually exciting — not a cast of stars. The sequences balanced the music, with the dancers adding to it to create the atmosphere that makes a revue.

Although the revue was short there was a wide variety of skits. It ranged from a lot less than tasteful little number on the tres risque subject of homosexuality staged by Janet Heath and Jenny Mannell, but surely it would have been at least logical to have a lesbian scene and thence achieve a desirable social comment rather than use two actresses on a hackneyed pointless skit.

Unfortunately, some of the scripts could easily be labelled as sexist. Which as the lovely Ms Berg knows is a big no, no in IWY. And, really, I can only agree. The Swinger Hill skit tried to get going and all the time the audience was waiting for that final bitchy twist to put the chauvinist down. But, it never came. The same applies to the 'Lady Godiva' skit which Dorothy I. Watson was nearly excelling Kath. Hepburn in that unforgettable cinematic experience "The Lion in Winter". Mark O'Connor as the horse was excellent. But I had the feeling he was trying to say something. Was his horse a symbol of woman's triumph over a male sex symbol (the horse) "Oh happy horse to bear the weight of noble Dorothy.!"

The other extremes were reached with the facetious "come up and see my armpits sometime, big boy". The armpit kink was Rolandesque [nice word, only 30% valid] — so black!



Left to Right: an eclectic cast-member, Tony McGregor / co-ordinator and Paul Mason (absent).

Occasionally the imagination did begin to run a little faster than the music. Sir Walter Raleigh's conversation with Brian Anderson was good. He played a Cronkite-eque character and he used the script for the best response from the audience.

Towards the end the pace of the revue began to speed up. It concluded as well as it began. The 'men smoke drum . . . with marijuana' ritual had a lack of serious comment to a boppy song. So seeing it was so good it just misses out on a sexist label? (men smoke drum). Both beginning and end were brilliant — armpits and grass must be intellectual bedfellows. But then life leads to . . . strange bedfellows. And finally, there was the music and dance.

Yes, Virginia it was a good revue — one that everyone enjoyed. No one was jolted too much. In fact the audience was never kicked. University revues have an opportunity to say what is felt with little fear of disgruntled objections. So why don't they. Audiences love being kicked and forced to react. I've yet to see an effective skit on women's relations with men in a sexist society or a constructive skit on homosexuality.

Oh well! Never mind, I suppose I can start my own consciousness-raising group . . . I suppose.

JOHN FOWLER



Uranium Mining Means You (& Me)

Questions to think about:

Should we leave Uranium in the ground until we have solved these problems of waste disposal, etc., first? (small quantities should be made available for bio-medical research and treatment).

Cannot more research be done on the other forms of energy such as solar energy before we turn to Uranium?

Why not use less power?

Should we protest against atomic bombs but sell the material to make them?

Should we risk exposing our children to genetic defects and increased incidence of cancer?

Should Australia not export Uranium other countries may. Do we provide a lead to the world by trying to persuade others not to mine Uranium or do we jump in for the money too?

Isn't selling uranium to countries addicted to energy growth like selling opium? Would you sell opium for a profit?

If the insurance companies refuse to cover you against radioactivity from uranium accidents overseas (check your own policy), isn't there something very wrong?

Is the Government's policy good enough?

Where are the dangers for us?

1. Mining of uranium will destroy the sacred grounds of the Aboriginal People of Northern Australia. Should we do this to provide electricity for air-conditioning in Tokyo and New York?
2. Mining Uranium is dangerous as radioactive radon gas is given off. The American Atomic Energy Commission estimates that twenty per cent of all post war Uranium miners will die of lung cancer before 1985.
3. Transport of Uranium and Plutonium from enrichment plants to power plants to storage and back has to be carried out very carefully. There must be no mistakes, no accidents, no high-jackings, no thefts. As the number of power stations increases so do the opportunities for accidents or thefts. The American Atomic Energy Commission acknowledges that some Plutonium is missing now. It takes only ten kilogrammes to make a bomb.

4. Operation. Accidents do happen. In Britain some years ago at Windscale there was a serious accident and the experimental plant had to be closed. Last year in the USA several plants were closed when safety problems arose.


5. Disposal of Radioactive Wastes is one of the most serious problems. Where can material which boils of its own accord for some time after removal from the reactor and which will continue to emit deadly rays for thousands of years be stored? In the USA some of this material was put in tanks which have since leaked into ground water. Some of the material has been buried deep in mines, now there are worries about the safety of this method. A new method is to put the wastes into ceramics and drop it into very deep holes. Not yet tried, but considered, is sending the waste into the sun by rocket. The main problem is that this waste product remains deadly for *thousands of years*. And there is always the risk of the wrong people getting hold of these waste and using for threats to towns, cities or even countries.

6. Plutonium is the most dangerous substance known. A piece the size of a marble is sufficient to give everyone on this planet a lung cancer. Its half life is nearly 25,000 years. Ten kilograms make a bomb which could well destroy a city. It is the most cancer-producing agent known. Plutonium is produced in every nuclear power station. Exposure to radiation also produces genetic mutations and deformed babies.

7. Atomic Bombs can be made of official or unofficial terrorists from uranium, or from plutonium. There are no effective controls. And Plutonium 238, three hundred times more dangerous than Plutonium 239, is not safeguarded at all!!!

See how much they care for you, you fools!

THEATRE GROUP IS ALIVE, WELL
AND BEAUTIFUL

MONDAY 7-30  SOCIAL ACTION ROOM
(Behind Childers St. Hall)

WORKSHOPS

Street Theatre, Drama, Mime etc.

Friday, 13th June 1975

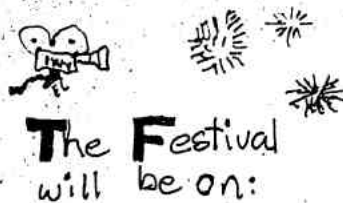
Page Twelve, dig+delve

WOMEN'S FILM FESTIVAL

We came together out of our involvement in the women's movement and our interest in film. There are now working groups in each capital city. We will be programming films made by women, concentrating on those dealing with the lives, triumphs and problems of women. We want the Festival to:

- * explore women's creativity through films
- * counteract the reluctance of distributors to release women's films in Australia
- * raise people's awareness of the realities of the female culture
- * produce a feminist critique of women's films
- * provide an historical and cultural context of women's cinema
- * break down Australia's insularity in this field.

FESTIVAL



CANBERRA 26 SEPTEMBER 1975
— 28 SEPTEMBER 1975

CONCURRENT WITH THE MAIN VENUE WE WILL BE HAVING

- * screenings of video tapes including interviews with women filmmakers
- * video tuition
- * childcare
- * photographic exhibition
- * discussion workshops
- * screenings for children and additional free screenings for women.

Tickets by subscription only. Subscriptions open March 1st.

The festival is being assisted by the Film and Television Board of the Australian Council for the Arts.

CONTACT ADDRESS:
Pam Garrard,
14 Angus Street, Ainslie,
2602, A.C.T., Phone: 485-150



Not-so Irrelevant Pic?

What the Ancients Meant



Since the dawn of time, when the printing press and cigarette papers were invented, wise philosophers have tried to talk about Van Vogt and the cortical-thalamic pauses cunningly disguised in statements of the balance between emotion and intellect. Such towering literary giants (what a phrase) as Tolstoy, Lawrence, Eliot and A.A. Milne have considered, at least in part, the possibilities of this theoretical balance of intellect and emotion. So much for the introduction.

Now, allow me to make a seemingly unrelated digression, to the subject of General Semantics, or the meaning of meaning. The idea is that meaning can only be comprehended if allowance is made for the nervous and perceptual system through which the initial concept is filtered. The conclusion is that only part of a concept is seen, or the concept is seen from some rung of a ladder of abstraction. (To abstract from means to take from something a part of the whole, Korzybski, Count Alfred, Institute of General Semantics, Lakewood, Connecticut, USA). This is expressed in the concept of non Aristotelian thinking (Van Vogt, NullA) and parallels the physics of Einstein, namely that the observer must be taken into account. It becomes ob-

vious that the observer does matter. Consider the different versions and interpretations of history that are available. Why don't observers reach the same conclusions on a series of events, of actual physical occurrences. Or consider the fledgling science of psychology. Observers once differed on the interpretation of known events in physics and chemistry. Some day... the cortical thalamic bloc . In spite the cortical thalamic pause. In spite of his pretensions, an observer is always a 'me' a subjective variable factor. And this 'me' identity is only memories. As has been pointed out, these memories are themselves experiences that have filtered through the nervous etc. system, hence are abstractions. To think of a chair as a chair, instead of a structure of inconceivable complexity, a set of atomic chemical electronic interactions, is to limit your nervous system to an identification. In V.V.'s opinion, it is the totality of such identifications that create the neurotic, the insane, the insane. Common sense can't avoid being surprised occasionally. Aristotle said that a truth is only a truth if it can be deduced from other truths, (The Nicomachean Ethics), thereby effectively limiting the new thoughts and concepts that his followers were

open to. Science says it is aiming to separate itself from this emotion and create mental habits which are in such close accord with reality that they secure that nothing shall be unexpected. But even it maintains that to be is to be related. 'Science is nothing but good sense and sound reasoning' (Stanislaus Leszcynski, King of Poland, 1763) has become its creed. Incidentally, such things as deja vu, ESP, tarot cards and all associated psychic phenomena, flying saucers and the like don't fit, so are ignored. 'Coincidence, imagination, probability', Bismarck used to hug trees to get strength, 'ridiculous', ridiculous till someone stuck a machine onto a plant in New York. 'The Secret Life of Plants' resulted. But that's beside the main point.

To return to General Semantics. History (my interpretation thereof) shows that the more technically developed a nation or race becomes, the more cruel, ruthless, predatory and commercialized its systems and modes of behaviour also become. (Vietnam, in part). This is because we continue to think like animals rather than as human beings. Namely, the thalamus, or centre of emotion, rules over the cortex, or centre of

reason. (See, cortical-thalamic block isn't just a phrase of confusion). General Semantics has to do with the relationship of the nervous system to reality around it. The integration of the two parts of the brain, and the rejection of the totality of identification of an event, is the methodology that General Semantics proposes as a route to the elimination of war, poverty, hardship, etc. and the personal sanity of the individual. It provides an integrating system for all human thought and experience. The thalamo-cortical pause, dramatized in the NullA novels involves pausing before any reaction, to allow cortical thought to integrate with the thalamic reaction, or consciously saying something to yourself. This, combined with the awareness of 'abstraction' mentioned earlier, results in a flexibility of approach that can only be beneficial. One of the contradictions of progress is that we continue to react to new situations as if they are old ones. (Vietnam, in a different sense). General Semantics enables the individual to make the following adjustments to life.

- i) He can logically predict the future
- ii) He can achieve according to his capabilities
- iii) His behaviour is suited to his environment." (V.V.)

Lack of the last capability, i.e. being incapable of refined discrimination, can be seen as the cause of a trauma, i.e. a massive shock to the nervous system resulting in unsaneness in varying amounts. The map is not the territory, the word is not the thing it describes. Confusing the two results in disturbance until the limitation of the perception of the event is recognised.

So, what the ancients meant when talking of the balance of intellect and emotion is explained by General Semantics. For the sake of sanity, do not label or identify events. Cortical-thalamic pauses, etc. All this is based on the NullA novels of A.E. Van Vogt. Read them, for the sake of sanity.

RICHARD NEVER SEND TO SEE FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS; IT TOLLS FOR THEE GARFIT-MOTTRAM Friday, 13th June 1975

DARK... the blood runs, freezes as ICE. The CHADONE NON stalks with the NIGHT RUMESWORD, the DEAD LEAVES blow, it is a Winter BLACK FRIDAY'S.



"I'm not bitter,
I've just got many reasons
to sing the blues."

Kate Jennings, *COME TO ME MY MELANCHOLY BABY*, \$1.50 paperback, Outback Press, 1975.

To come to terms with Kate Jennings's poetry, one must realise that, for her, the meaning of a poem is more significant than its form, that (from Sylvia Kantarizis):

Some poems fall anyhow,
all of a heap anywhere, dishevelled.
Such a conception of poetry can lead to pitfalls, and I do not think that these are always avoided in this book. *Come to me my melancholy baby* is an uneven but interesting book; interesting because Jennings describes some situations and emotions that are more often experienced in our society by women than by men.

In her poems, Jennings is strongly aware of her identity as a feminist and a poet; perhaps more accurately, as a feminist-poet. Thus, the situations in the poems are seen through the perception of a radical feminist. Such familiar themes as loneliness, despair, humiliation or betrayal are interpreted in an unusual way. Jennings also discusses the difficulty of successfully maintaining her position as a feminist in a world where there are many pressures to compromise. The main poetic difficulty I see in political poems is that sometimes ideas, especially if they are slogan-like expressions, do not grow organically in the poetry.

When Kate Jennings rejects traditional poetic forums, she is symbolically rejecting a male-dominated literary, intellectual and educational hierarchy. Most writers and critics have been men. It is true that many modern writers are experimenting with non-traditional forms. However, Jennings' protest may seem more valid if one remembers that some male poets write political poems in traditional forums, such as the Australian poet John Manifold in the sonnet. Jennings' choice of form calls for a very careful selection of words and phrases, especially as she writes prose, statement-like verse. Sometimes her message could be expressed in a more artistically successful way. For example, compare the following verse from *Met a Man a Fine Man*:

I don't want to marry
I want to be barren and
spinsterish cold proud alone
in a house on a hill I'm in love with a
wild & beautiful woman
writer called Djuna Barnes
she is either eighty-one years old
or in a heaven for broken women
don't trick me kiddo
a man's love is a man's love



with a verse from Sylvia Plath's
Spinster:

And around her house she set
Such a barricade of barb and check
Against mutinous weather
As no mere insurgent man could hope to break
With curse, fist, threat
Or love, either.

Jennings is strong and direct, but I think the Plath poem is better because of its tighter organizations that contains the dramatic tension of its meaning.

Nevertheless, Jennings' use of statement achieves interesting results elsewhere. The first half of *Just the Two of Us* is basically a list of rather exotic things:

Octopus in hot sauce,
games of canasta . . .
The exotic scene crumbles in the anti-climax that follows:
a hot bath,
an uncertain fuck . . .

The technique is also effective in *Easy Time Series Three* where a conversation with a male wool-classer is described:

o yes it's a hard life i myself yearn for
the geebung polo club a country lass with
an egyptian coin threaded on grubby cotton
around her neck

Jennings' treatment of male-female relationships shows the difficulties she finds, because of and in spite of feminism. She reminds the reader of the popular myths about such relationships by using lines of songs or commonplace phrases: *Once there was a way to get back home*, *Mary Hamilton*, *Just the Two of Us*, and the title of the collection. Her hope for an equitable relationship with a man in:

Could you do it? Could you
metamorphose me
slug-like as I am
into a thing more awake,
more wilful?

is balanced by the disillusionment
'Moonshine:

He's a lizard,
he's a lizard with a serrated tail
rasping his way
through a fancy dancing poetess.

FEM. POET CRIT.

One of the best poems in the collection is *Piecemeal Chatelaine*. The title implies that the 'chatelaine' only has partial control, and this is applicable to the subject of a woman attempting to get an abortion. Several myths are juxtaposed. The lady of 'comfortable material possessions/of 'jonquils' whose life is removed from the girl's in doctor's surgery:

uh sir i'm sick not wanting very much
to be married.

The girl remembers her recent actions:

i laughed and laughed like little audrey
all the way through forty-four different
and healthy ways to make love

The doctor is in control of the situation. The tension which the girl feels as the doctor ponders over his verdict is expressed through the use of the dictionary definition of 'deliberation'. This suggests the prescribed way in which the doctor considers the case.

Perhaps, for Kate Jennings, the definition also suggests the whole system of definitions and restrictions out of which women will have to break if a true equality with men is ever to be achieved.

BRONWYN LEVY

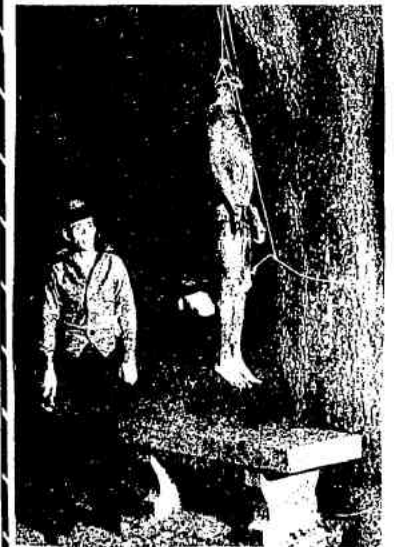
END.

Daniel's prophecy has one prediction not yet realized. He declares, "There shall be a time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." Jesus confirmed this prophecy and added the words, "No, nor ever shall be." If a great time of trouble must come, it is comforting to know that it will be the last of its kind. And this evidently will be because its lessons will be so severe as to make no repetition of them necessary. Furthermore, according to the Bible, upon the ashes of that time of trouble Messiah's Kingdom will be established with full power and glory, to accomplish His great work of human blessing and uplift from sin and death. Christ will reign! Satan will be bound! —Revelation 20:1-4.

The prophecy declares that while men are running to and fro and knowledge is increased, the wise of God's people will understand the Divine Plan as never before. "The Mystery will be finished." The seals will be broken. The dawn will appear. Jesus' Parable of the Virgins applies to the end of this Age. It declares that amongst God's people (all *Virgins*) there will be some "foolish". Only the "wise" will "trim their lamps," examine the Bible, and "understand." Matt. 25:1-12.

We need not detail the coming trouble. Everybody sees it. It will be a battle between giants—on the one side financial giants, trusts, etc.; on the other side gigantic labor organizations. Both parties are preparing. Both parties expect to fight to the finish. Both parties expect to win. Both parties will be disappointed, for both will lose. The Bible predicts that the result will be most terrible—anarchy—"a time of trouble such as never was!" We can but imperfectly surmise the details of the trouble, but the Scriptures imply that it will include social, financial, political and religious institutions. The anarchy of the French Revolution, and the anarchy which overthrew the Jewish nation, A.D. 70, are Scriptural illustrations of what may be expected soon. The Bible counsels Meekness and Justice as safeguards.—Zephaniah 2:3.

HALLELUIA, BROTHER!!





TPR 1/9/73



TELLING THE STORY OF CHRIST TO THE INDIAN...

No Less:



HI, HILDE!



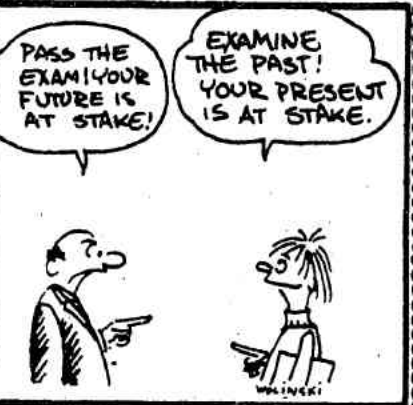
"It's a dog-in dog world."



"I don't care if you are scared of the dark... let go of my hand!"



"And then this giant hand comes out of the toilet with a vaginal deodorant!"



PASS THE EXAM! YOUR FUTURE IS AT STAKE!

EXAMINE THE PAST! YOUR PRESENT IS AT STAKE!

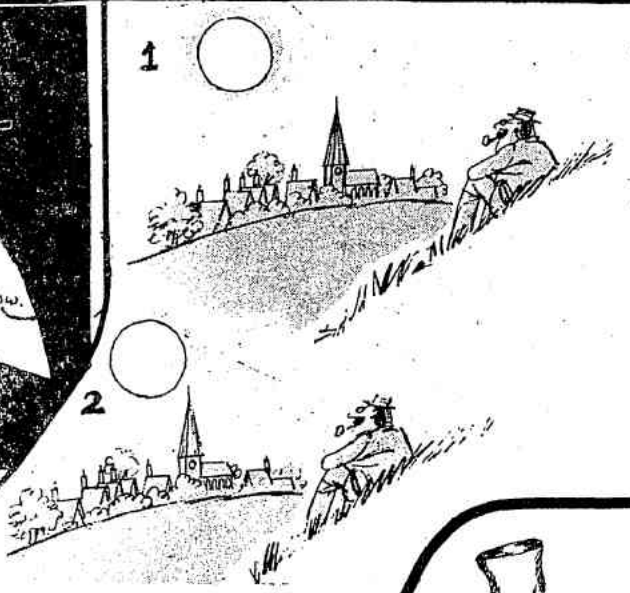


IT'S A MISTAKE, YOU ARSEHOLES... I'M BARABAS

We know.



Wot are we doing here then, eh?



1

2



3



1

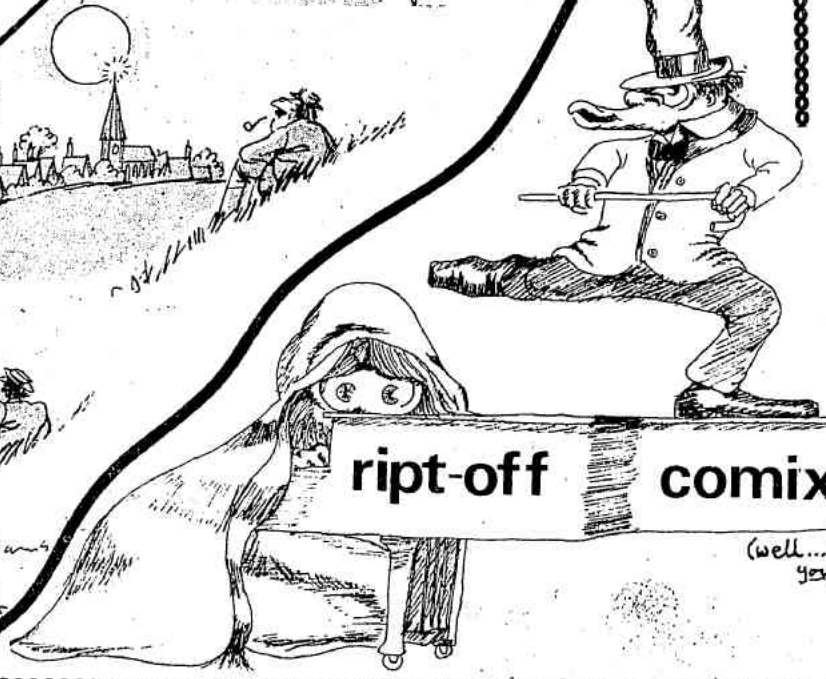
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3

It's unnatural!



Special offer! To all those who are sitting on the bench at the Angel. And the Compendium Bookshop.



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(well... we give you a lot for your money!)